

THE
K I N G
AND
Q V E E N E S
Entertainment at
R I C H M O N D.

AFTER
THEIR DEPARTVRE
from OXFORD: In a Masque,
presented by the most Illustrious
P R I N C E,

P R I N C E
C H A R L E S

Sept. 12. 1636.

*Naturam imitari licet facile nonnullis
videatur haud est.*
Anon.

OXFORD
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THE
DEDICATION TO
THE MAIESTIE OF THE
QUEENE OF GREAT
BRITAIN.

SEE, Madam, here, what for your sole delight
Is rais'd of nothing to wast out this night.
Scarse is the Author: what he meanes lesse knowne
None will the words, none will the Musique owne.
Yet here it is; and as o'th' world some thought
That it by Atomes of it selfe was wrought:
So this concurring with your high commands
Came to be thus compacted, as it stands;
For Princes like to Gods with vs on earth
Project on nothing, yet produce a birth.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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HER Majestie signifying her pleasure that she would see her Sonne the most illustrious Prince in a dance; His servants and others in the family thought it not amisse to entertaine her a while with a Country dance, and some other rude ones, that might the better set off the Princes, which were made by *Simon Hopper*, and perform'd by those that undertooke them, but all this while, the disposition of them was the thing last in their thoughts; so that now of necessity a body was to be fitted to their garment, which made one in the company to shew them, that the country dance might be introduc'd by some Clownes speaking; And because most of the Interlocutors were *Wiltshire* men, that country Dialect was

chosen, and thus every man fitted his part to his owne fancy, and the constitution of the whole tending to a greater bulke, it came to be what it is, without any designe, but rather out of a kind of necessity vrging it.

The Speakers were

Tho. Chefinch

Iohn Quinne.

Tho. Steeling

Iohn Foxe.

The Introduction to the Country dance.

As soone as the Queene had taken her place, a Gentleman-vsber standing at the entrance of the Scene with a black Calot on his head, and a beard of the same colour on his chin, bestirring his stafe much, and his tongue more saies thus.

Vsb. Stand by there! Make place, beare back, beare back.

The next thing that offer'd it selfe to the sight was a pleasant Country for the most part champain, from whence issued the Country fellows, and first Tom, speaking to the Gentleman-vsber.

Tom. By your leaue M. Iantleman.

Vsb. Now sir where would you gang?

To.

Tom. Where is the Queene, chud spoke with the Queene?

Vsb. Gang away, and be honged you Carle, you speake with the Queene.

Tom. *hauing discover'd M. Edward Sackvile standing neere the Queene, as looking on, calls to him.*

Tom. O M' Yedward: M. Yedward.

M. Sa. How now *Tom*, whats the matter?

Tom. Good M. Yedward. Helpe mee to spoke with the Queene?

M. Sa. With the Queene *Tom*. why with the Queene.

Tom. Chaue a Presence for Her.

M. Sa. Thou doest not meane thine owne *Tom*. she can hardly see a worse.

Tom. Chaue a Million for her.

M. Sa. A Million *Tom*. that were a present for a Queene indeed. Let him come in, but who hast thou there to helpe thee to bring it?

Tom. Chad not thought you had bin zicke a voole *M. Yedward*, as if I were not sofficient to bring a Million my zell. Yes, though it were as big as a Pompeon.

M. Sa.

M. Sa. O, your simile has made me vnderstand you, but what great hopes are we false from by this time, from ten hundred thousand pounds, to ten groats at the most. Well thou woot deliuer it I see; looke about thee now, throw thy eyes every way, & thinke which is the Queene.

Tom. Why thonke you *M. Tedward*, this gay woman shud be she by her reparable.

M. Sa. Away you Ass.

Dost thou not see a light outshine the rest,
Two starrs that sparkle in a milky way,
Dimming the shine of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Or *Beronices* haire, and so serene,
Their influence speak peace vnto a kingdome,
But thy dull eyes dazle at such a lustre;
Giue me thy Present.

Tom. Zoft and vaine *M. Tedward*, two words to a bargain. Childe not take all the paine, and loose the thonke to. Chaue no skill of your vine words, or your Poultry, as they call it. Chaue washt myne eyne though: and che thinke this be the fairest woman in the company. Childe giue it her at a venture: Mastris Queene my Master, for valt of a better presence

sence has sent you here a Million. ----- O
tis here now, chud not be such an arrant Ass
che warrant you, as when che was here last,
che buss't Madge with my basket on my shoul-
der for oncc. Chil not trust these Court-nolls,
no further then che can zee'um. ----- How
like you it vorzooth, me think it is but voolish
meate. O a Pumpion bak'd in the Oven, as
Madge will handle it, were meat for a Queene
indeed, nay as good as any Countenze in Cur-
sendome cud wush.

M. Sa. Well sir, since you haue redeem'd
your credit, trouble her Majestie no more.
Be gone.

*A violin plaies at which Tom looks
about as one amaz'd.*

Tom. What, a Munstrell ! this is aumost as
good as a Paipe I saith. Good M. Redward if
you haue any busines gde about it, for mine
owne part che meane to make holyday to-
day, dont zee chaue my holyday reparrell on,
and Madge has hers on too. O for Doll, and
Ruchard now, had they but thought of a Mun-
strell, the Headborough shud not ha kept
them a whome, nor their Lasses neither.

B

Madge

Madge from within.

Ma. O see where our *Thomas* is , *Thomas*, *Thomas* shall we come in.

Tom. Who calls *Thomas*. Whoop *Madge*, and *Ruchard*, and *Garuase*. ----- Pray good *Mastris Queene* , spoke to the man with the broad speech to let *Madge* and her vellowes in, shall see how fine weeke youe it, and when che come next, chill bring you zick a Cabbegge shall be worth ten Millions. You man with the black dish on your head ! *Madge* and her vellowes must come in, so they must. Come in *Madge* , come in *Ruchard*; Now goodman *Munstrel* as thou louest Ale strike vp, dost hyre man, play me *Wilshire Toms delight* , and chill so wet those whiskers of thine in nappy Ale, and besides chill gather groats a peece of all the company , if thou wert a *Paiper* shud be worth six pence a peece to thee: hold *Ruchard*, let *Doll* serue you, take you *Jugg*, *Geruase* , and chill ha *Madge* for my zell, and hay for our Towne.

The Country dance.

Richard offers to hisse *Madge* in the dance.

Tom. Hands off *Ruchard*, chill talke with you by and by. *The dance ended.* *Tom.*

Tom. Vellow, che tell thee, chill not put this vp. Zdaggers death, busse *Madge* vore my vace?

Ruc. Why shud not busse *Madge*, chaue as much right to her as your zell, you can spoke with a better grace che confesse then my zell, youd be loth though to play at wasters with me for her, chud zo veize your gambrels.

Doll. Nay good *Richard* let *Thomas* alone, *Thomas* is not so tall a man of his hands as your selfe *Richard*.

Ma. I but *Thomas* is a man of good parts though *Dorothy*: he can zing and paipe, and dance with the best in our hundred, and for a yotte, and a legg at end ont is *Richard* comparable thinke you?

Tom. Well said for thyne owne *Madge*.

Ma. I tell you *Dorothy* with reverence to the company, *Thomas* can read and write his owne name, and for a need can help the high Constable to write his. He is a learn'd man. And what can *Richard* doe, play a little at wasters, and make the blood (God blesse vs) run about his yellowes eares at a Wake, but turne

B 2 *Richard* is a vellow

him to speake to one of vs, he cant say *boob* to a Goose.

Ric. Cont I zo? che can doe though, an't were not for making the company agast, chud so job you and your Sweet hearts nolls together, zo che wud.

Doll. How *Richard*, strike a Maid *Richard*, I hope when we are married you wont strike me *Richard*.

Ric. Che cont tell whare youle gi'me cause, cham as likely as no.

Doll. If you doe I'le finde some body to strike in your place *Richard*.

Ma. And truely *Dorothy* so my Dame does, if her good-man fall out with her; shee has a friend in a corner, to fall in with her presently.

Tom. Hand reason good, *Madge*, one house would neuer hold them else. Come *Madge* before this company shall's make a match.

Ma. Fie *Thomas*; you neuer askt me the question.

Tom. Why? dont I now?

Ma. I but you shud ha done that before now in private, *Thomas*:

Tom.

Tom. No matter *Madge*, we haue burst gold together, which is all one.

Ma. Indeed and so it is, but you that are so good a spokes-man, *Thomas*, shud haue vttered your mind before now, must I guesse by your lookes thinke you?

Tom. Why, what shud zay? if thoul't ha'rne, chill haue thee *Madge*, what shuds make many words of nothing, buisse and the match is made. *Ruchard*, gi me thy vift. Take *Doll Madge*, and all friends. Here's my hand *Ruchard*, chill take thy part gainst this towne and the next.

Ric. And thou zaist so, chill take thine, and chill so veeze the Taylor of *Amburries* coate at the next Wake.

Here enters a shepheard clad in a coate of freeze, and a shepheardesse in the like manner, habited with broad hats on their heads, and bookes in their hands: To these Tom. speaks

Tom. O *Wilkin*, you come a day after the vaire, shud ha come sooner. Welcome *Maul*, *Mastris Queene*, you dont know who this *Wilkin*, or who this *Maul* is, chill tell you. These twaine were vengeance in loue one

with other, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the world. *Maul* here had a very pestlence woman to her mother, as might be *Madges* Dame, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirce woman.

Ma. Yes truly *Thomas*, that shee is, as any in *Wilshire* though I say it.

Tom. Now that Mother being a pestlence woman as I sed before, wood by no meanes possible that these twaine loving wretches shud be man and wife together, cause *Wilkin* had not zheepe enough vorzooth, vor that mother was damnation couetous: Yet for all that *Maul* being a parlous wench as you zee, stole from her mother, and clapt vp the match betweene um, her mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now all the parish wondred why she shud be led into a vookes paradise by him, you zee there are them in place be as proper as him zell every inch, but when all came to all, she zed she was led away with his singing vorzooth. Now to zay troth he zings well, though hee bee nothing comparable to the *Munstrell*, that zung the zong of *Short-coate*, when you were here last, vor all that you shall
hear

heare him zing a bomination vyne zong of his
loue to Maull. Zing Wilkin, wee le get leau to
stay zo long : What che thinke thou wants a
Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle man, if there
be a Viddle in the house.

He goes in, and brings out a Theorbo.
Che can horrow no Viddle but this, and heres
one aumost as long as a May-pole; prithee
make zift for once.

The Shepheard takes the Theorbo and sings.

THE SONG.

SHEPHEARD.

LUCINDA.

Sh. **D**ID not you once, Lucinda, vow
You would loue none but me?

Lu. I, but my Mother tels me now
I must loue wealth, not thee.

Sh. 'Tis not my fault my sheep are leane,
Or that they are so few.

Lu. Not mine, I cannot loue so meane,
So poore a thing as you.

Sh. Cruell; thy loue is in thy power,
Fortune is not in mine.

Lu.

with other, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the world. *Maul* here had a very pestlence woman to her mother, as might be *Madges* Dame, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirce woman.

Ma. Yes truly *Thomas*, that shee is, as any in *Wilshire* though I say it.

Tom. Now that Mother being a pestlence woman as I sed before, wood by no meanes possible that these twaine loving wretches shud be man and wife together, cause *Wilkin* had not zheepe enough vorzooth, vor that mother was damnation couetous: Yet for all that *Maul* being a parlous wench as you zee, stole from her mother, and clapt vp the match betweene um, her mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now all the parish wondred why she shud be led into a vooles paradise by him, you zee there are them in place be as proper as him zell every inch, but when all came to all, she zed she was led away with his singing vorzooth. Now to zay troth he zings well, though hee bee nothing comparable to the *Munstrell*, that zung the zong of *Short-coate*, when you were here last, vor all that you shall
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heare him zing a bomination vyne zong of his
loue to Maull. Zing Wilkin, wee le get leau to
stay zo long : What che thinke thou wants a
Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle man, if there
be a Viddle in the house.

He goes in and brings out a Theorbo.

Che can borrow no Viddle but this, and heres
one aumost as long as a May-pole; prithee
make zift for once.

The Shepheard takes the Theorbo and sings.

THE SONG.

SHEPHEARD.

LUCINDA.

Sh. **D**ID not you once, Lucinda, vow
You would loue nona but me?

Lu. I, but my Mother tels me now
I must loue wealth, not thee.

Sh. 'Tis not my fault my sheep are leane,
Or that they are so few.

Lu. Not mine. I cannot loue so weane,
So poore a thing as you.

Sh. Cruell; thy loue is in thy power,
Fortune is not in mine.

Lu.

Lun. But Sheph. thinke how great my dowre
Is in respect of thine.

Sh... *Ab me!* Lu: *Ab me!* Sh: *mock you my*

Lu. 4. 1. I pitty thy hard fate, (greife?)

Sh: *Pitty for loue is poore reletife,*

I'd rather choose thy hate.

Lu. But I must love thee; Sh. no, Lu. believe.

I'll seal it with a kisse,

And give thee no more cause to greive,

Then what thou find'st in this.

Sh: Lu: Be witnesse then you Powers above,

And by these holy bands,

Let it appeare that trueſt loue

Grows not from wealth or lands.

After the Song.

Tho. Well, weele take our leaues for this time, when you haue a minde to more of this, tell but *M. Edward* & weele come at a whistle.

[illegible]

In a Compartment was written,

EXPEDITIO BRITOMARTIS.

Here the Scene changing into a well ordered Campe, in which were seene severall tents, carriages,

riages, all kind of warlike amunition, and a trench cast round about it. from thence comes forth a Capitaine attired in a Souldiers habit, after the old Brittish fashion, taken from the Romans, which was a short Coat reaching almost to his knees made in scales, and on his head a Petasus, Buskins or short Bootes on his legs; after him entered a Druyd, which was the Preist of the ancient Brittaines, attired in a Robe of crimson Taffita, and a Garland on his head. The Capitaine first entering speakes thus.

Cap. Rally my troupes, & see that every Cap. Maintaine his charg. We will remoue to night With our whole force! Doe you think S^r Preist A Prince of so great hopes, & power as ours Shall tamely like a Iustice in the Country With a few meager Druyds, & poore Squires Enter on his designe.

Dru. Why, what designe,
That needs your ragged Army to advance it?
Consisting of so many hungry soules
That gape for prey, iust as death gapes for the.

Cap They are braue fellowes Preist, take
heed they heare you,

Tis not your coat or office can protect you,

C

Profane,

Profane, & holy, nothing comes amisse
 To them, that can inrich um; take you heed,
 They heare that you are rich.

Dru. And these are fit
 To guard a Prince?

Cap. Why? who can doe it better?

Dru. On this occasion too?

Cap. Yes! for you know we are
 To enter on the Country of another
 From whom though we deriue our selues, we
 know not

What greeting to expect.

Dru. Indeed you doe
 Take the right way to find an entertainment
 Worthy your paines, that on a peacefull king-
 dome
 Will bring such Harpies. Sure you must haue
 heard

That this great king, to whom we now ad-
 dresse vs

Is such a one, as by his famed deeds
 Poizes the world about him, whil' st he stands
 Vnmou'd in a firme peace of his owne mind,
 As well as of his kingdome.

Cap. Well, what of that?

Dru.

Dru. Should we that come as suppliantes
to learne

The way, to set our Prince on th' head of fortune

Or humane blisse, to make him of himselfe
Depend, & not of others, bring such Theeues
As yours to spoile his Country?

Cap. Is this all?

Ha's he not counsell of his owne at home?
Let him advize with vs, & we will shew him
A neerer way how to be absolute,
'Tis but reseruing a convenient Guard,
Some certaine thousands of vs 'bout his person
The thing is done, giue vs but pay enough
Weele warrant him, he shall doe what he list.

Dru. This counsell fits a Souldier to giue,
Not him to take, if he heare vs, weele tell him,
A certaine truth, that he which rules ore slaues
Is not so great as he that's king of freemen:
O to command the wils of subjects, rather
Then bodies, is an Empire truely sacred,
And the next way to rule in heauen it selfe!

Cap. Well *Priest*, I will not loose the pay
and spoyle

That I shall get in this one expedition

For all your tedious learning.

Dru. I, that's your end

For if you look'd at honour, you would know
He that kils men for money, does no better
Then common Hang-men, perhaps he does
worfe.

Cap. Perfwade vs to be Cowards, doe, but
they

That did preceede you, those braue ancient
Druids

Did not alone instruct vs, that to dye
Was but the midle space of future life,
And that whoeuer dy'd for's country fighting
His soule did enter into some great Prince,
As a soule fit to rule, that knew to fight;
But would themselues be present 'mongst the
formost.

Dru. So would we still, if the same cause
provoke vs.

We haue not now to doe with those grand
Theeues

The *Romans*, who to draw in the next country
To their subjection would pretend a shew
Of Iustice, wth indeed was the highest wrong,
When they invaded vs, we all were ready

Not

Not only to perswade; but act our selues,
But now the time is fit for other Counsells.

Cap. I cannot stay
To heare this prating, O thou God of warre,
Great father *Mars*, the first Progenitor
Of *BRITOMART*, inspire him with a courage
That may extend his Armes, as farre as is
Or earth, or sea, that he may think this kingdōe
As *Alexander* did the worlds, too streight to
breath in.

Strike vp a warlike sound, & you my Souldiers
Come forth, and thinke of nothing but fresh
booty

Dru. But I will stay their fury. Great *Apollo*,
That know'st to heale wth thy sweet harmony
The fierce rude minds of mē, as well as bodies
Wth thy try'd medicines shew thy power now,
Inspire thy *Priests* that may restraine this peo-
ple,

Come forth you sacred Ministers of peace
And with your well tun'd *Lutes* and sweeter
voice

Make this disordred route to learne some
measure.

At this speech of the Druyd, the Priests of A-
pollo

For all your tedious learning.

Drw. I, that's your end
For if you look'd at honour, you would know
He that kills men for money, does no better
Then common Hang-men, perhaps he does
worse.

Cap. Perfwade vs to be Cowards, doe, but
they

That did precede you, those braue ancient

Drwyds
Did not alone instruct vs, that to dye
Was but the midle space of future life,
And that whoeuer dy'd for's country fighting
His soule did enter into some great Prince,
As a soule fit to rule, that knew to fight;
But would themselues be present mongst the
formost.

Drw. So would we still, if the same cause
provoke vs.

We haue not now to doe with those grand
Theeues

The *Romans*, who to draw in the next country
To their subjection would pretend a shew
Of Iustice, w^{ch} indeed was the highest wrong,
When they invaded vs, we all were ready

Not

Not only to perswade, but act our selues,
But now the time is fit for other Counsells.

Cap. I cannot stay
To heare this pratling, O thou God of warre,
Great father *Mars*, the first Progenitor
Of *BRITOMART*, inspire him with a courage
That may extend his Armes, as farre as is
Or earth, or sea, that he may think this kingdōe
As *Alexander* did the worlds, too streight to
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Inspire thy *Priests* that may restraine this peo-
ple,

Come forth you sacred Ministers of peace
And with your well tun'd *Lutes* and sweeter
voice.

Make this disordred route to learne some
measure.

At this speech of the Druyd, the Priests of A-
pollo

pollo enter, habited after the ancient manner, in long robes of severall color'd Taffita; They sing this following song, wherein they attribute the taming of the Souldiers fiercenesse to the Queenes presence.

The Preists Song.

Behold how sweet a Majesty
 Temper'd with grace fits in your eye,
 O glory of your sex, and State:
 'Tis not enough that humane wills
 Are led by yours to leaue their ills,
 But, just as if you were their Fate,
 You will subdue a race of men,
 Salvadge and fierce, come from their den.
 No sooner they your face looke on,
 But, as from thence you vertue spoke,
 Their vntam'd wildnesse will be broke
 To measure, and proportion.

CHORVS.

*What kind of manners should we then partake,
 When you fierce natures kind and supple make?
 Then rush in sue totter'd Souldiers who begin wild-
 ly at first to dance, but conclude with a kinde of
 timo-*

*timorousnesse, and lay downe their weapons at
the Queenes feete.*

Their Dance ended

*A borne blowes, and a Post enters, who delivers
his message after this manner, having first de-
manded in Welch, (which they say is the old Bri-
tish language) where the King and Queene are;
He goes on thus,*

Here's no body vnderstands me, neuer a
true Britaine amongst you? I'll try you in
French, *Messieurs ou est le Roy? Ou est la Royne?*
Nor that neither, I must speake your owne lan-
guage I see? Pray tell me which is the King?
which is the Queene? I come in hast, Post-
hast. No? I'll take my chance for once; These
paire looke like the best in the company, I'll
adventure vpon them. May it please both
your Majesties to vnderstand, that I my selfe, a
certaine midling thing betweene a *Spy*, and a
Courtier, two parts *British* of mine own Coun-
try, foure *French*, some little *Dutch*: an admi-
rable composition, part foole, part hardy, to
saue the charge of an *Ambassadour*, or rather the
time he would take to furnish his liveries; am
sent in most voluble *Post language*, to demand
safe

safe conduct for my Master, the most potent Prince, of a little Gentleman, that your Majesties kingdomes haue taken notice of, Prince BRITOMART. For he with some few of his nobility, little Cavalliers, his perpetuall adherents is now vpon his way addressling himselfe towards you; if you aske me how he comes, I answere after the *French* Post-coach, or Post-horse, though he come a foot 'tis all one. Their Squires, or Dwarfes rather, are some halfe an houres journey behind, for so it was said of old,

U *The fearefull Dwarfes did euer lag behind.*

But by the way, I am to signifie to you, Ladies, that you must not hope to dance with him; Pray do'nt vrge him to't. Hee'le be angry if you doe. Now would I faine ingratiate my selfe a little with you, tell you his businesse aforehand, which is more indeed then an *Ambassadour* dares doe. Will you promise me to say nothing? For all the great strife, and the debate of the *Captaine*, and the *Drayd*, he comes but to aske you blessing: but *Mum*: No words. If you discouer me, I shall loose my place, and my pay & be declar'd incapable, which is as much

as to strip me out of my nature, for it is more impossible for me to stand still, then a perpetual motion, *Tantost irg, Tantost la*, pray dispatch me. No? your silence I'll take for a grant, and *Me voicy de retour*.

As he returnes he meets with one in a formall garbe and habit of a Spaniard, reading some paper of instructions, and speaks to him thus.

O sir, you might ha' sau'd your labour, your busines is happily dispatch't to your hand, you stand so long on your Puntilioes, and formalities, that the course of busines may be turn'd three times before you enter on the first. O hee's reading his instructions, and regards me not. Hee'll make you fine sport anon. I'll steale by him, now I haue forestall'd his busines, and bequeath him to your laughter.

The Spaniard regarding him not pursues his intention of reading, when on the suddaine the Violin playes a Pavin, at which amaz'd he leaues off reading, the Violin stops, and as soone as he falls to reading againe it begins a Saraband, which makes him leauesly to take off his Rapier, and his Cloake, and fold it vp gently, and in this measure to fall into a dance.

*Which ended, and he retired, the Chorus of
Priests enter, and call forth Prince BRITOMART,
and his Knights with this song.*

They sing.

THE springing hopes of Armes and Arts,
Bound on a faire adventure
To take your eyes, and wound your hearts,
Are ready now to enter.

*When on a suddaine the Scene flew open, and
sue Knights Adventurers were discovered as farre
off, sitting on an arch Triumpbant, Prince BRITOMART
overtopping them all; They were all at-
tired alike in a Warlike habit, after the Roman
fashion, of watchet and crimson Tassita, cut vpon sil-
ver in scollops, the bases & the buskins of the same,
and their caps after the manner of the Roman
Petasus, with great plumes in them.*

They are called forth by this song.

VWhy stay you there braue knights? Descend!
And let these Ladies see
The action that your lookes portend,
Which is loues Chivalry.
Why should you feare their eyes to meet?
You haue a sure defence,

that

That might a greater danger greet;
 Your age, and Innocence.

The Chorus of Priests retire, and the Knights
 moue in their figure.

And their first dance being ended, six Squires or
 Dances come leaping in, attir'd in short coates of
 Tassita, bonnets of the same, with feathers round a-
 bout them, bearing in their hands every one their
 Knights or Masters sheild, with their Impressa, or
 deuice, which in the conclusion of this dance, they lay
 at the Queenes feete. Their deuices were thus.

THE PRINCES.

The Sunne scarce risen. Only peeping be-
 hind a mountaine, and shedding light vpon
 the world.

THE WORD.

Nondum conspectus illuminat orbem.

My L. DVKE of Buckingham's.

A faire welspread tree, and tall, blowne
 downe to the ground by a tempest, out of it a

freight young tree springing, ouer which a black cloud dropping, and through that cloud the sunne breaking with his beames, and shining vpon that young tree.

The word.

Sub his radiis sic iterum resurgam.

My L. FRANCIS VILLARS.

A square Altar of greene turfe, vpon which is placed an heart crowned, ouer against this *Cupid* with a bow in his hand broken with a shot. At the bottome of the Altar a shaft fastned as shot from the bow, and a second shaft in the middle way betweene *Cupid* and the Altar, yet flying towards it.

The word.

Eriam fracto arcu huc destinatur.

My LORD of Buckhurst's.

An Altar of stone, vpon it a burning heart, *Cupid* looking sadly towards it, and putting vp his arrow in his quier, from the Altar to *Cupid* written

The

(29)

The word.

Non tibi, sed patriæ.

My L. CARR'S.

Vnder the Princes Armes a Youth lying on the ground, the Sunne shining on him through the feathers.

The word.

Sub istis lucem non impedit umbra.

M. SACKVILE'S.

A Cupid picking feathers for his arrowes yet vnfeathered, out of the Princes Armes, a Youth opening his breast.

The word.

Hinc tibi pro calamis si data pluma, feri.

These being retired, the Adventurers dance their second dance, which ended they returne to their seats, and the Scene chang'd into a beautifull Temple, from whence issued the Chorus of Priests, ~~and~~ singing this song of valediction.

The

The last Song.

VVhat theſe ſeaſons, the ſunne once gone,
 What plants, or the earth being widdow'd ſhowes,
 When warmth's ſlow'd up, and nothing growes,

What ever conſents union,
 And is deny'd the Elme: and Vine
 When forc'd vnkindly to diſhoine,

What without ſoule the body is,

Or Louers at a parting kiſſe:

Such, beſt of Queenes, ſhall we to night
 Be to our ſelues, and all the world,

When darkneſſe on his face is bur'd,
 And you from vs withdraw your light,

VVhen no ſoule's left to animate
 This earth, or growth to actuate,

Or heat to line, but what muſt burne

Deſiring hearts till you returne.

CHORVS.

O ſee for pittie haſt you to come hiſher

To keepe theſe parts alive, which elſe muſt wither.

Then was the Curtain let fall, and this folly
 (as all others doe) had consum'd it selfe, and left
 no impression in the spectators, or hearers, had
 it not bin that much admiration was concea'd
 at the great quicknesse, and aptnesse of the Prince,
 who varying figures so often, was so farre from
 being out, that he was able to lead the rest.

The speaking and action (which grac'd the
 words) perform'd by my Lord of Buckhurst,
 and Mr Edward Sackville, shew'd that
 genuine action, was not so much confin'd to the
 stage, but a Gentleman might reach it, if
 not transcend it. The rest had its support
 from the Musique, which prepar'd and
 commended the numbers, to the eares of the
 Auditors, and was excellently compos'd by
 Master Charles Coleman.

Finis
